

Agnetha F, Eyes Of A Woman

Agnetha Faltskog

Miscellaneous

Eyes Of A Woman

I met her at the airport, we talked on the plane
She saw that I was downcast and said it was a shame.
I gave her all the reasons for being in despair
She said that explanations won't get you anywhere.
It's not a matter of virtue or the cause you defend
It's only the moments of choice that count in the end.

We get a bit of the good life, a piece of the cake
And enough of the hard times to keep us awake.
It takes the eyes of a woman, the heart of a child
The soul of a gypsy, to cherish the wild,
The eyes of a woman, the heart of a child
The soul of a gypsy, to cherish the wild.

She hit me in a weak spot, I knew that she was right
She said, "Can you imagine a day without a night?
Good without the evil, is a cob without the corn
It's with the air of demons that angels can be born
It's not a matter of virtue or the cause you defend
It's only the moments of choice that count in the end.
"

We get a bit of the good life, a piece of the cake
And enough of the hard times to keep us awake.
It takes the eyes of a woman, the heart of a child
The soul of a gypsy, to cherish the wild,
The eyes of a woman, the heart of a child
The soul of a gypsy, to cherish the wild.

We get a bit of the good life, a piece of the cake
And enough of the hard times to keep us awake.
It takes the eyes of a woman, the heart of a child
The soul of a gypsy, to cherish the wild.

We get a bit of the good life, a piece of the cake
And enough of the hard times to keep us awake.
It takes the eyes of a woman, the heart of a child
The soul of a gypsy, to cherish the wild.